

Let me sing, for the glory of heaven

Praise of the Lord — His Grace

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(Guitar)

1. Let me sing, for the glo - ry of heav - en
Like a sun - beam has swept o'er my heart;
I would praise Thee for sins all for - giv - -
en, For Thy love, which shall nev - er de - part.

2. If Thy works praise Thee, Giver of good,
If the sun shines his praise unto Thee,
If the wind, as it sighs through the wood,
Makes a murmur of song from each tree,
3. Then these lips, sure, a tribute shall bring,
Though unworthy the praises must be;
Shall all nature be vocal and sing,
And no psalm of rejoicing from me?
4. O wonderful, glorious Redeemer!
I would worship Thee, Savior Divine;
And rejoice, though surrounded with praises,
Thou wilt still hear a song such as mine.